UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

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The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

Is Parliament Doomed?*

Less than two decades ago it seemed as if the Parliamentary system was likely to become universal, and British people took pride in the fact that they had given birth to a system of government which appeared to meet the demands of human progress.

There are few, I think, who would feel quite so confident about that now, as changes have taken place during the last few years which were not contemplated twenty years ago except by a minority who, alas, were dubbed extremists.

Despite its now manifest weaknesses, the nineteeth century created a strong belief in itself and in the permanency of its achievements. Its material success was so apparent, and carried with it so many signs of solidity and endurance, that only with the greatest difficulty could one think of other than minor changes even in its social and political institutions.

That prosperity, particularly in Great Britain, so impressed the mind of the whole world that the chief thought of the nations was how to emulate it. Hence it began to appear in Germany, in the United States of America, in France, in the Scandinavian countries, and others, all of whom, in due course, developed the Parliamentary system of government.

The result was that material prosperity and Parliamentary government came to be regarded as two aspects of the same development. It may be that the discovery now being made in bitter experience, that nineteenth-century prosperity was neither so real nor so permanent as it once appeared, is tending to weaken belief in the political system which supported it.

To a considerable extent political systems are devised and developed in order to protect the interests of the dominant section in a community. Hence a growing disbelief in the social outlook of a particular era tends to break down belief in the political system which buttressed its social and economic demands.

Now that the bubble of nineteenth-century prosperity, which applied only to a few and involved the enslavement of the many, has been pricked, doubt is fast spreading as to the possibility of giving effect to fundamental changes in social and economic conditions by means of the existing political machinery, or, at any rate, with sufficient rapidity to meet the demands of the time.

The sudden discovery of the madness of a world which permits extensive and growing poverty and unemployment in the midst of staggering abundance is giving rise to a demand for rapid changes which, it is feared, are beyond the power of Parliamentary government to yield.

The Parliamentary system was

*This article, dictated by English conditions, has a very direct application to present conditions in America.—Editor.

(*Continued on page* 131)

UNITY

"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"

Volume CXI MONDAY, APRIL 24, 1933 Number 8

LOOKING DOWN ON CALVARY—1933

Because they hold Christ's faith, and sing His songs
Beneath a modern Pontius Pilate's sway
Crosses My sons bear, crowns of thorny wrongs—
My sons are being crucified today.

Teachers of love and brotherhood are scourged
As hate and faction give blood-lust free play.
Vainly are pleas of justice, mercy urged—
My sons are being crucified today.

Mine are their pangs of suffering—the prayer
Of stricken patriots hither wings its way.
Millions who worship Me are in despair—
My sons are being crucified today.

They serve not Me who seize the sword with boast,
Arousing strife and fear, greed and dismay.
Professing Christ, they worship Caesar most—
Yes, Christ is being crucified today!

A FRIEND OF GERMANY.

The Hitler horror, as imposed upon Germany in the early days of the Nazi dictatorship, is now completely verified. Hectic denials of outrages, suspicious from the very nature of their origin and circumstance, have been completely discredited. Apart from a few crazy stories which bore all the familiar earmarks of atrocity yarns and were believed by nobody, the tales of outrage, violence, and bloodshed have all been proved. Indeed, in all probability, the half has not been told. The course of events, however, is at last clear. For years, the National Socialists have proclaimed death to their political enemies and "extermination" to the Jews. The moment Hitler came to power, the forces of violence were let loose upon the Social Democrats and the Communists on the one hand, and the Jews on the other. In perfect order and under strict control, the Nazi troopers systematically plundered property, seized, arrested and tortured leaders, and took life. "An indeterminate number of Jews," says Harry Knickerbocker, Berlin correspondent of the New York *Evening Post,* "were killed." It was this open campaign of violence and bloodshed which aroused the wrath and stirred the protest of the world. The impact of this revulsion smote the Hitler government like a thunder-clap. Amazement was turned into alarm when the ruin of German trade was everywhere threatened. Within five days, the Nazis were awake, and busily suspending operations. Of course, such proud and haughty gangsters had to save their faces. So the massacres were followed by the famous program of retaliation—the solemn pledge to devastate the Jews of the Reich with economic and social outlawry if protests did not cease. As a matter of fact, these protests did *not* cease. On the contrary, they kept right on. Whereupon, the retaliation program was feebly put into effect for one day and then suspended. Again the Nazis had been made to listen! But let not anybody imagine that the danger is past. Hitler and his ruffians are the same today that they have always been—and their program remains unaltered. If they halt, it is only to wait until quiet is restored, and operations less dramatic but no less terrible can be resumed. "Eternal vigilance" is now the word!

What Hitler is doing to the Jews is tragic, but what he is doing to the Christians is fantastic. It is difficult to believe one's eyes as one reads the reports of the Berlin correspondents. A new reformation, it seems, has been proclaimed by the authority of the Hitlerite government—a reformation which it is declared "will be as important as that of Martin Luther." The essence of the change is the seizure of the churches, both Catholic and Protestant, by the state. These churches are henceforth to be administered by Nazi commissars, and thus denied all further ownership of their ecclesiastical property and control of their ecclesiastical affairs. The National Socialists have announced the discharge of many Protestant pastors, and the reorganization of the constitution of the Lutheran Church in such wise as to eliminate all democratic forms of administration. The whole structure of Christian Germany is thus to be rebuilt on the basis of Hitler patriotism, nationalism, and "purity of race." The theses of reorganization, as applied to Protestantism, are as follows:

> First, the State needs the Church as an instrument for education in citizenship. Second, for this purpose the Church must be reorganized. Third, in order to accomplish this reorganization, it is not merely necessary to eliminate certain leading personalities, but the entire constitution of the Church must be rewritten. Fourth, parliamentarianism must be eliminated from the Church, and its leaders, instead of being chosen by congregations, must be appointed from above. Fifth, in the new Church "heroic piety" must be dominant. Sixth, purity of race must be maintained at all costs and any Evangelical Christian who marries a member of another race must be expelled from the Church. Seventh, church taxes as now collected by the state and delivered directly to the churches for their maintenance must be abolished and the state "Kultur tax" established wherefrom the churches will be financed.

At a recent congress of "German Christians," by which is meant National Socialist members of evangelical churches, Pastor Wieneke, of Soldin, proclaimed that Christ himself was a Hitlerite.

The Christian cross and the swastika belong together. Under these two symbols our theology must be resurrected. If Christ were to rise again today he would be the leader in our struggle against Marxism and internationalism. The final aim of German Christians is a German Church with a Bishop at its head.

The Pastor's wish, we are told, is to be granted. In every church, the swastika must be placed side by side with the cross. This matches the earlier action of the Hitlerites in putting the swastika on the national flag. If insanity can go farther than this, we should like to know in which direction.

Hardly had we written the closing sentence of the above editorial when our inquiry was answered. Nazi insanity, it seems, *can* go farther—at least in this matter of religion. Thus, it is now decreed that the Old Testament must be banished from the churches, and from Germany. The myths and legends of Israel are to be displaced in favor of the folk-tales of Norse mythology, the Prophets and Psalms by the traditional Sagas of the Teutons, Jehovah by Odin, and so on. As an essay in comparative religion and universal scriptures, this is interesting. As an attack by the anti-Semites on the Jews, it is understandable. But what about the Christian doctrine of the Holy Bible, the Word of God, and all that? Are Catholics and Protestants going to stand for this man-handling of Sacred Scripture? For years, now, Christians have been disturbed and in cases outraged by the work of the so-called higher critics. The suggestion that Moses did not write the Pentateuch or David the Psalms has been denounced as blasphemy and profanation. But here it is a case not of Exodus, or the Psalms or the Prophets, but of the whole Old Testament itself. These Nazis would not only snatch the books of the Law from the Jewish synagogues, but actually tear out all the first half of the Christian Bible! Catholics and Protestants who have been looking with all too much complaisance upon what is happening to Israel, now suddenly see something happening to Christendom. Do they like it? Are they going to stand for it? Are we actually going to see the spiritual progress of centuries cast aside as rubbish, and mankind returned to the brutal mythologies of paganism? It's insanity at last let loose. At bottom we can feel no joy in seeing the pestilence of persecution spread abroad, but in the main issue of tolerance, liberty, brotherhood and civilization, we are glad to find Jews, Catholics and Protestants united in a common cause.

In the March 20th issue of UNITY we commented upon the solemn resolve of students of Oxford (England) that they "will in no circumstances fight for King and country"; and, in the same issue, recorded the same affirmation of students of Manchester University. In the April 3rd issue we announced that the students of Glasgow University had joined the students of Oxford and Manchester, and asked "what college in America will be the first to join the war resisters group?" The answer has come sooner than we expected. Brave student leaders at Brown have started a poll of the colleges on this issue, and anticipated a stirring response of pacifist sentiment. Meanwhile, Columbia has taken its own poll, through its daily newspaper, the *Spectator*. The result is heartening. Thus, of 920 students voting, only 8 per cent said they would fight "under any circumstances," while 31 per cent said that they would fight "under no circumstances." Fifty-two (52) per cent declared they would bear arms only "in case of invasion," while 50 per cent testified that they would be willing to "suffer imprisonment for the sake of their convictions." No less than 53 per cent of the total justified their objections on the plea that "war can never be justified." So much for Columbia! Still more significant news comes from the College of the City of New York where a poll well started was peremptorily stopped by the Dean, who feared that the college would be irreparably damaged in the eyes of the community. Evidently extreme pacifism is too strong for utterance in this civic institution! Meanwhile, the campaign goes right ahead in England. Assailed by outraged "old-grad." protest, the Oxford students reconsidered their pledge, and vigorously reaffirmed it by the greatly increased vote of 750 to 138. Other colleges, after the example of Manchester and Glasgow, have fallen into line, including Nottingham, Leicester, and University College in Wales. Obviously, youth is awake on the question of war. We have always felt that each new generation would have to settle this question for itself, and here is some first-class settling being done.

The leading editorial in a recent number of the *Christian Register* is another in the long series written in defense of "man's inhumanity to man." It would be amusing if it were not so pathetic. It belongs in the same class with those written before the Civil War in defense of slavery as a divine institution for which the slaves should be devoutly thankful because it introduced them to Christianity. We read that the Boer War was "an effort to extend to new people the benefits of British law and order." We also read that the British custom is to share her life with the people that she conquers. The natives of Kenya are today enjoying this blessed sharing under the British rule. Shoved aside by their conquerors to the poorest lands of their own country, they now find themselves dispossessed even of these by order of the British government itself, in order that the gold prospector may have

his way. The people of India, tortured, imprisoned, slain, are enjoying the same beneficence. The story of British imperialism in Africa and in India and elsewhere is *not* a story of the development of a "world-wide vision and a sense of responsibility," as the *Register* naively suggests, but rather a story of cruelty, baseness, greed and ruthless exploitation of subject peoples. The only sense in which one could attribute to imperialism the development of a spirit of humanity lies in the fact that it has been the occasion from the beginning of the protests of lovers of mankind against its essential inhumanities. To affirm that "imperialism has lost its moral appeal" is to say that it once had such an appeal. The only answer to this is the heart-rending cries of the millions of subject peoples who have been crushed, broken and beaten by the imperialistic powers of the world.

Dr. Henry Van Dyke, dead on April 10th last, was a stalwart, vigorous and ingratiating figure. Distinguished by rare achievement in the two fields of religion and literature, he became in his closing years a lovable and beloved teacher in the classic shades of Princeton. As a clergyman, he was a "modernist" before "modernism" was heard of. His ministry at the Brick Presbyterian Church in New York was notable for the power of Dr. Van Dyke's preaching, his broad and liberal spirit, and his fine public leadership. He will be long remembered as one of the emancipating influences in contemporary orthodox Christianity. In literature we presume the "high-brow" critics would refuse to rank him with Lewis, Dreiser, Cabell, Dos Passos, and the other favorites of the metropolitan literary *clique*. But we venture to suggest that many a poem and not a few books by Van Dyke will be not only remembered but read long after the great mass of the so-called "literature" of our time has been forgotten. "The Story of the Other Wise Man," for example, is destined to endure so long as Christmas remains upon the Christian calendar. As a personality Dr. Van Dyke had the rare gift of charm. A certain vital exuberance flowed in him like sap in the trees in spring. He was preeminently an out-of-doors man, reveling in the beauty of streams and woods and mountains. At the same time he was the ideal companion for the library and the salon. His patriotism was of the simple and strenuous type which was characteristic of the nineteenth rather than of our own century. It was this which led him, along with Lyman Abbott, Newell Dwight Hillis, Hugh Black, and others, into that furious war-fanaticism of 1914-1918 which we have always counted the one blot on his career. There was a time when we could not forgive what seemed to us to be treason to Christ's gospel. But these men were all old men cast suddenly into a crisis they could not understand. There are few men whose very virtues have not betrayed them at one time or another under circumstances of intense feeling. At any rate, we shall not hold this episode against Van Dyke to whom we owe so much of pleasure and inspiration.

Guilt-Edged Insecurity

We are living to-day in an age so marked by its anomalies that future ages will in all probability stigmatize it as the darkest era of human history.

Faced with a "surplus" in any commodity, our mills stand idle and our food is deliberately destroyed, whilst millions of human beings go hungry and half-clad. Hard-headed business men seriously discuss "finding" or "creating" employment, as though the object of society was to produce its needs with the maximum of effort. With a superstition that would astound us in those whom we are pleased to regard as "savages," we have worshipped the Golden Calf set up by the High Priests of Finance; and rather than break the taboo by the issue of a rational currency we have endured the hardships of economic stagnation with a masochism worthy of the friars flagellant.

Above this Bedlam sits Mars, crowned with the olive boughs of Geneva. In their passionate desire for peace, the nations seek security in armaments. The "security" of Paris is the menace of Berlin; and so between government and government the race goes on, whether secretly or openly, for command of the elements. Strangest of all, this panic is shared not only by the ruling castes, but by the dispossessed and disinherited—the people who own neither a square foot of land nor the slum they live in nor the tools with which they work. These acquiesce to-day in the "defense" of a land that was never theirs since the days when it was stolen from their peasant ancestors. In the next war they will die for the glory of a slave empire and the honor of their own chains.

At the Disarmament Conference sit the statesmen who are the pillars of this insane civilization. The leading imperial powers of the world dominate the discussions. They know that the huge foreign tribute that is wrung from the Indian peasantry or the coolie labor of the Chinese Concessions, the loot of Oil Kings and the stolen wealth of Kenya are things that can only be held by armed force. They know that disarmament and imperialism are flat contradictions of one another. But the game goes on: the world's bandits sit in conclave dividing the spoils of the world, arms pacts are signed, and armament shares rise on the Stock Exchange. For many of these statesmen, drearily dis-

cussing whether a battleship is a weapon of offense or defense, the rising traffic in death is the last thing they would wish to discourage; for do not the shareholders of Undershaft and Lazarus include our rulers and governors themselves?

Meanwhile the coming chaos throws its shadow over the world. Shut out from Australia and the American continent by the older imperialism of the Anglo-Saxon race, Japan flings herself upon a defenseless China, and (at the peril of a second war with Russia) seeks to build up a tributary state in Manchuria, modelled upon the masked domination of Britain in Egypt and of the United States in South America. The dragons' teeth sown at Versailles have sprung up all over Europe; and Germany, maddened by fifteen years of robbery and insult, faces her tormentors once more under the leadership of Junkers and Chauvinists brought back to power by the policy of the victorious Allies themselves.

While men in high places talk hypocritically of the alleged blessings of peace and civilizations that imperialism is bringing to the colonial slave-farms of India, Kenya, Morocco, the Philippines or Manchuria, this very imperialism is itself leading us directly towards a world conflagration. Against such a conflict all the wars that have ever been fought between these "backward races" would be civilized in comparison and negligible in the extent of their destruction. Our rulers know this. They know that empires bring no peace save that of the wilderness, and that their histories are strewn with blood and corpses. If empires could really bring peace it would be the duty of these statesmen to submit the warring states of Europe (our own included) to the beneficent rule of some Asiatic despot!

Instead, imperialism intensifies its rivalries. The Ottawa Conference was mainly successful in imposing further privileges for British merchants upon the colored colonials and in tightening the Indian market more closely against Japan. Economic competition, becoming fiercer as the crisis deepens, renders inevitable the struggle for these markets and for lands rich in undeveloped raw materials. Prominent in this struggle looms the strategic policy of governments determined to safeguard their war supplies for the conflict to which they are heading. By tariffs, subsidies and embargoes they protect the key industries of chemical warfare (dye-stuffs, artificial silks, etc.) knowing well that "civilized" war means the use of every foul and dastardly device to which human depravity can sink.

Such, in brief, is the challenge of modern war, its roots and its causes. To banish it from our midst will take more than pacts and promises among rival bandit powers. It will require a revolution of justice and reason against the Frankenstein monster we call civilization. The nature and the method of that revolution, and the means by which the criminal lunacy of mankind is to be checked, are the principal problems with which we are faced to-day.

REGINALD A. REYNOLDS.

Jottings

Judge Morschauer, of New York, says that the world is a better place today than it has ever been before. Evidence, your Honor, evidence!

"We are the enemies of Hitler because we are the friends of Germany."

Rabbi Wise.

This magic sentence tells in thirteen words the whole truth of the present world-wide revolt against the Nazi regime in the Reich.

German Christians must now subscribe to the following principles:

God has created me as a German.
Teutonism is a gift from God.
God desires that I fight for my Germanism.
War service is in no case a ravishing of the Christian conscience, but is obedience to God.
The faithful have the right to revolution as against a church official who does not recognize the national uprising and that unreservedly.

If we must choose between this type of German (Hitler) Christianity and Russian (Bolshevik) Atheism, which shall we take?

Military training has now been prescribed for the theological schools of Japan. Divinity students, as well as all other students, must be efficient soldiers. But why should the Japanese go to all this trouble. For our theological schools produced soldiers without any military training at all. Just theology seemed to be enough.

The New York authorities have banned beer in the police-stations and fire-houses of the city. A great trucking corporation has forbidden the use of beer by its drivers. This is curious action to take in regard to a "non-intoxicant." Or is this beer business just a piece of arrant hypocrisy worse than anything ever known under Prohibition?

If We Were a Newspaper Editor: (2) *We would print the truth about the depression.*

J. H. H.

Back of Hitler—and Beyond

Day by day, indications multiply that the combined protest of Christians, Jews, and humanitarians generally have been affecting the Nazi regime in Germany. An obvious effort, still proceeding, has been made by the prevailing rulers of the Reich to placate foreign opinion. The exodus of persecuted Jews has slowed up; the Chancellor has sent over the wires a bid for peace; and a Hohenzollern restoration seems to find a lukewarm champion in the leader of the Brownshirts.

But let no one be deceived. Over all of the Reich floats the banner of imperial reaction, with the cobwebs freshly removed and the Nazi swastika added as a dubious embellishment. Resurgent nationalism runs rampant from Dusseldorf to Dresden, from Bremen on the north to the Bavarian southland, that friendly, mellow region which until the recent farce enacted in the name of an "election," gave the ex-house-painter from Vienna a cold, disdainful shoulder. Not only the red banners of Marxism, but the Republican flag as well, lie stamped into the dust. Freedom of the press does not and will not exist. Communism is being burned out by a Terror as ruthless as anything developed in the early days of Russian bolshevism, and which flaunts the Muscovite menace as a means of exterminating with almost equal fury the extremely moderate Social-Democrats. The heavy hand of Know-Nothingism has descended on cultural leaders such as Bruno Walter, the conductor, Lion Feuchtwanger, the novelist, and Albert Einstein, whose home at Caputh in the suburbs of Berlin produced nothing more dangerous, when raided, than the now-famous breadknife.

Indubitably, as the anger among the Nazis over outside protests fades away before the practical tasks of organizing their dictatorial regime, superficial concessions will be made. But depend upon it: the relaxation of the Terror and the resort to fine phraseology will only disguise an endless war to muzzle intelligence and elevate ignorance to high place; to crush pacific tendencies and enthrone militarism; to give the last vestiges of democratic sentiment among the masses the final *coup de grace*. For the brown-shirted man who stood near the bones of old Frederick the Great at the Garrison Church in Potsdam on the 21st of March and declaimed passionately about "national honor" has not scrupled to employ the most dishonorable means to gain the seat of power. The worn old President, who had grown weary of paths charted by few of the time-tried landmarks and who had returned to the nationalistic procedure of earlier days, was described by Herr Hitler as having "consummated the marriage between the symbols of ancient greatness and youthful strength"; but he will, one can only fear, produce from this union the unholy offspring of a new and devastating war. For when the oratorical dictator eases off the most vicious persecution of the Jews, he will only turn to subtler forms of racial warfare; when he talks of peace he will merely envisage the "German peace" of pre-war saber-rattling; and when he asserts that he is not ready to set the stage for a Hohenzollern return from Elba, he is simply manifesting a natural desire to pre-empt the limelight for himself, barring all but God, who is to be allowed by a special dispensation to sit at his right hand.

But if Hitlerism is to be intelligently dealt with, it is hardly enough to analyze, observe, or even vent the most justifiable wrath. It is necessary to comprehend what lies behind this powerful movement, a growing force in Germany that for one reason or another has placed at Hitler's disposal vast millions of the German populace. Nor will it be fair to permit the hateful deeds of a dictator and his half-responsible following to revive the old war-time indiscriminate emotions toward the German people as a whole. Least of all, besides, should our own people forget the inescapable fact that only a decade ago the United States was inundated by a tidal wave of anti-Semitism, prompted from Dearborn, Michigan, picked up by frustrated personalities in obscure hamlets from coast to coast, and finally crystallized in an American Hitlerism whose sign was not the brown shirt but the white hood.

There can be assigned to the role of prime creator of German fascism no single force—not Mussolini's exhilarating collective egotism, not the desperation of the German people under the impact of a terrible depression; not the bourgeois fear of a rising communist movement. Every one of these factors undoubtedly played a part. Yet to find the chief answer to the riddle of the Brownshirts, you will have to cross the Rhine, go to Paris, and enter the portals of the *Quai d'Orsay*, the home of French political and economic policy. Not alone the French insistence upon Germany's sole guilt for the war and the fixation of this now-exploded myth in the Treaty of Versailles; not alone the attempt to fasten upon defeated Germany a fantastic bill for damages which no rising generation would pay even if accepting, as young Germans would not, the responsibility for their fathers' misdeeds; not alone the determination of France that the Treaties of Versailles and Trianon must be enforced without deviation so that the *status quo* might be preserved inviolate; not these elements, singly or collectively, bear all the blame for the bitterness which lies at the root of the Hitler defiance. Countless Germans have reiterated in print, as well as in conversations with the present writer, their willingness to be humiliated in an historical sense, for the sake of peace and security in the future. But certain elements of French and allied policy began to convince multitudes of the German people, two years ago, that this sort of future was only a dream and what was more to be anticipated was a dread nightmare of perpetual poverty, continued weakness, and, at long last, fresh wars in which unarmed Germany, in the midst of more and more heavily armed neighbors, would be a second Belgium.

With France, no realistic observer could fail to have sympathy. The picture of a vindictive conqueror, deliberately sitting on the lid for the sake of national aggrandizement alone, might be accurate if a small minority of the French people are concerned; it would be grossly untrue of the average man or woman. The French honestly have felt that they were in a unique sense the guardians of European peace, fearing that if by peaceful means the treaties which uphold the *status quo* were relaxed, no one could foresee the end, and questioning whether the complete rearrangement of the map of Europe—and Africa too—might not eventuate from too generous a policy. It is simply one more example of a program, not evilly motivated in the

main, producing untold evil from its lack of human understanding. France has sought to build a veritable iron ring of allies around Germany, utilizing her tremendous gold reserves and her credit power to create potent aid in Poland, Roumania, Yugoslavia, and Czechoslovakia, to throttle Hungarian aspirations, to ward off the barking dogs of Italian fascism to the south and across the Mediterranean. Germany, even liberal and pacific Germany, seeing this process, has been sorely tried; for while the excuse of a threatened "iron ring" around the Central Powers that was used to whip the German people in line by the militarists before the war had considerable unreality about it, the old bugaboo today is grimly real.

It was my lot to stand in the room where, at the Hague Peace Palace, twenty-four hours before, the World Court by a disappointingly political division had destroyed the cherished hope of an Austro-German customs union. By this victory the Francophile nations refused to allow an arrangement between Austria and Germany which was of substantially the same character as agreements entered into among themselves by the nations of the Little Entente. I could scarcely help musing, as I stepped out of the rich hangings into the various relics of the departed Czar Nicholas II, how many times before in world history the seeds of repression have fruited forth in vengeance. Upon this assurance of perennial serfdom the German retaliatory movement has fed, until, at last, it has burst over all the dams and threatens to carry with it in its perilous course all the libertarian safeguards which civilization, through many years, has set up to ameliorate the conflicts of human association.

The results of Hitler's rise can hardly be forecast. No matter how deeply one must deplore the methods to which so many desperate Germans have now resorted, it is a temptation to think that if the movement in its most drastic phases lasts for only a brief space of time, frightens the French foreign office into essential concessions upon which the peace of Europe genuinely depends, and then passes off the boards or moderates it aims, it may bring enough good in its train to justify its harshness and brutality in the present hour. This was one of the views held within the ill-starred Labor Cabinet in Britain which intensified the friction between Ramsay MacDonald and Arthur Henderson. It has a certain plausibility. Yet to let one's ruminations take this optimistic course is to ignore the trends of dictatorship wherever it has won power in the last harassed decade. Similar views led many an observer, not excluding diplomats from anti-fascist countries, to react similarly toward the excesses of early Italian fascism. "Let the tyrant assume responsibility," they said, "and see how quickly he will tame down." He *has* tamed down, because he has crushed every atom of opposition. Yet there is no freedom in Italy today, and despite Mussolini's new role of peacemaker, he continues to train the millions of fascist youth in militarism; text-books are one-sided and biased and glorify the military ideal above all; and the first commandment of the ten-point fascist code is: "Il Duce is infallible." Often enough the Italian fascist state has menaced the peace of Europe, especially in its race for African conquest with France; but even the tenuous fabric of Continental peace has been able to resist the strain. That the strain of a fascist belt engulfing the whole area between the Western Baltic and the Central Mediterranean will be an infinitely augmented threat to peace, is obvious.

The Hitler assertiveness and the recrudescent Francophile tenacity bid fair to cut another red gash across the face of Europe. In the preparations for this dire event, the peoples groan under taxes and are unable to extricate themselves from the depression even were other factors favorable. Little Belgium pathetically enough has been buying bombing planes and erecting fortifications along a 225-mile front, signing away by a treaty of military defense with France that precious neutrality over which so much blood was shed nineteen years ago. Poland, harboring a million and a half Germans stripped away from the Fatherland by the war, quakes inwardly while nevertheless putting up a bold front by opening up, on March 1st, the new Silesian-Baltic railroad to challenge German coal exporters and give a spinal cord to the Corridor, running 350 miles from Upper Silesia to the sea. Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia, and Roumania, one after the other, stick out their tongues at the exuberant German Nazis by raising tariffs on German goods and prohibiting certain German products altogether. And while Hitler shouts his threats and openly invites the Austrian fascists to wipe out the opposition by violence, behind its mountain ramparts the little land of Masaryk grimly counts up its standing army of 125,000 men and its reserves, which number 1,524,000. In a Europe with such clashing systems and such whirling politics as this, what prospect can there be for peace? What for religion? Small wonder that the theological tendency is away from reality to other worldliness in so many a new philosophy, for nowhere on this spiny soil has the Jesus of love and humility a place to lay his head.

So far as the future of Hitlerism is concerned, the answer rests with the German people themselves—but not entirely. It would be a fallacy to assume that they could battle for their freedom, even should a clear and overwhelming majority desire to do so. As a matter of fact, soon the entire German people will be reading what Hitler wants them to read, speaking as Hitler bids them speak, and holding counter-ideas, if at all, strictly incommunicado. For them alone the hour for effective action of any kind will soon be passed.

I must confess to a pang of sentimentality as I read about the Einstein bread-knife; for it was only a year ago last July that I enjoyed at Caputh some simple refreshments with the Einsteins during which Frau Einstein demonstrated that under her capable management the bread slicer could never so much as become, even through a slip, a harmful weapon. We discussed that day, most of all, world peace and its obstacles. "How can we induce young people to take a deeper interest in peace?" we asked the scientist; to which, with a twinkle in his eye, Doctor Einstein replied, "Give them a fight!" He was right, of course, in his paradox; for what he meant was simply that young people cannot be brought to support any movement that does not call forth sacrifice, and also that peace cannot be won merely by acquiescence in wrong. And it is a time for all those who desire the preservation of peace in Europe and the world to strive ceaselessly against the threat of fascism everywhere. That is why the huge wave of protest, voiced so unitedly by Christians and Jews of all ranks and viewpoints at the present juncture, has been a step toward peace and not

toward international conflict. Care will have to be taken steadily, however, lest a rebellion against intolerance and hatred and bigotry be deemed by the Germans nothing but these same emotions directed against them as a whole.

Despite the vast complex of errors and misunderstandings that stand in the record of the World War in every country, one bright spot is historically clear. It is the cleavage which President Wilson insisted upon making between the German militaristic government and the German people. This estimate of Germany was never absolutely sound, yet in the main it was true and provided a worthy strategy. From it, in some measure, was born the movement for the German Republic. It is time, again, to make the same distinction; and, it may be, a second and more final liberation of the German nation may result. Our weapons this time, nevertheless, must be nothing but public opinion, the expressions of outraged conscience, and a solidarity of all humanitarians in opposing fascist militarism wherever it seeks to raise its head.

DEVERE ALLEN.

The Ascent from Hell

A One-Act Play
By Louis Wilson

CHARACTERS

JESUS, who is called the Christ.
JUDAS, who is said to have betrayed him.

SCENE

A level place set into the side of a long, rocky hill. At the left is the jagged, uneven slope lifting itself toward the summit. At the right the descent continues. A huge mass of rock detached from the face of the upper hill by frost has tumbled down and rears its bulk at the upper right. At the back the silhouette of the hill stands desolately against a cyclorama so lighted as to suggest an immensity of cold, gray void.

TIME

Did day but ever succeed night in this region of perpetual twilight, it would be the hour of dawn on the third day following the crucifixion of Jesus.

THE ASCENT FROM HELL

There is a slithering of small, loose rocks down the slope of the hill. A moment later Judas stumbles down the hill in haste. He pauses as he reaches the level ground and gives a quick backward glance. As he does so a voice from farther up the hill calls to him.

VOICE: Brother, I mean you no harm. Wait for me.

At the sound Judas turns again in flight, but at the edge of the farther slope he stops and draws back in even greater terror of what lies below. Again there is a rattling of loose rock down the slope at the left. In desperation Judas presses close behind the rock at upper right and remains in hiding as Jesus comes into view. Jesus makes his way down onto the level place in an eager haste of pursuit, yet it is plain that every step causes him an agony of physical pain from the wounds in his feet and hands and side. He is quite naked save for a scanty loin cloth his executioners had the decency to place about him when he was stripped for the execution. Now he shivers from the cold.

JESUS *(looking about in disappointment):* Gone! Friend, why do you fear me so? O Lord God of heaven and earth, my Father, thou, too, hast forsaken me. Why wilt thou not draw near to me? Have I been mistaken? Art thou not a Father? *(He sinks down in weariness and grief.)* It is all so lonely, and so cold.

Judas, his terror lost for the moment in his pity, comes from behind the rock. Impulsively stripping off his own outer robe he advances to Jesus who, bowed down in his despair, does not notice his approach.

JUDAS *(standing behind Jesus and dropping the cloak down over his shoulders):* Here, wrap this about you.

JESUS *(reaching out quickly to clutch Judas by his garments and rising to hold him as he turns to flee again):* Brother, this deed of love, and yet you fly from me? Turn and lighten this gloom by the sight of your face. Brother, I say, who are you?

JUDAS *(without turning):* One you would not wish to hold beside you if you knew.

JESUS: No, a friend surely.

JUDAS: Friends do not betray each other.

JESUS: And you?

JUDAS: The wretched cause of all your agony.

JESUS: Judas, poor fellow! You here in this darkness, too?

JUDAS: Yes, I killed myself. Now let me go.

JESUS: No, not until you have forgiven me.

JUDAS *(turning for the first time, his fear lost in his amazement):* I? Forgive you?

JESUS: Yes, *you* forgive *me*. You thought to help me. I knew what was in your heart that night you went out from our last supper, alone, with a fierce resolve shining in your eyes. It was some weakness in me that cost you that mistake. I never made it clear to you. The Kingdom could not be forced the way you chose. And anyway, it seems I too was mistaken. Even the cross did not unlock the gates of heaven.

JUDAS: That is why I killed myself. There in your agony on the cross at first you were like the Christ. You cried out, "Father, forgive them for they do not know." I suffered with you, but I was glad. It was what you had wanted. I thought surely the heavens would open and the Kingdom come. But at last you only cried, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" And then it was all over, and *nothing* had happened. There was only your dead body, and in my heart I knew I had betrayed a friend. I couldn't stand it. I took a rope . . .

JESUS: I know. Forgive me.

JUDAS: There is nothing for me to forgive. But you, can you ever forgive me?

JESUS: Before you asked.

They embrace. Jesus pulls Judas down beside him to sit on a rock center front.

JESUS: Come. It is all so mysterious and lonely here. We must at least try to understand each other.

How could you follow me all these months and then turn against me?

JUDAS: I didn't mean to turn against you. I meant to help you.

JESUS: I know that. But how could you stir men up to hate me and kill me when I had always taught you that love was the law of the Kingdom? Why did you think that would help?

JUDAS: Don't you remember what happened that time at Caesarea Philippi?

JESUS: Yes. I had been too sure of myself. I thought the Kingdom of God was coming immediately. I sent you all out to tell the people it was at their very door. And I urged you to make haste lest the heavenly advent be upon us before you had gone the rounds of the towns of Israel. Then nothing happened at all, and I doubted.

JUDAS: But we didn't doubt. We remembered how the thunder had pealed across the heaven that day when John baptized you. We knew you were the Christ and we wouldn't let you be discouraged.

JESUS: Judas, was it only because of the thunder that you believed? Didn't you remember the sick and the poor?

JUDAS: Yes, of course you healed the sick, and you made the poor happy by the way you talked to them, but thunder is a mighty sign. God sends his thunder only to trumpet his wrath, or to herald a king.

JESUS: Judas, Judas! Well, you saved my faith by believing in me. And then at last I saw how mistaken I had been, and the truth came to me.

JUDAS *(eagerly):* Yes, then you got that great idea of yours. That's it.

JESUS: It has been wrong to expect the Kingdom to come by mere proclamation. I had first to demonstrate its law. I had to overcome hatred by love, even to the giving of my own life, just as I had been teaching. When I should die for the Kingdom then it would come.

JUDAS: And I didn't want you to go up to Jerusalem to die. Don't you remember? But when you had persuaded me that it would bring the Kingdom, then I tried to help you.

JESUS: Judas, was *that* it?

JUDAS: Why of course. Didn't you know? Only when you did die and nothing happened, it was horrible. I was just a betrayer then. I couldn't stand it.

JESUS: O Judas! Couldn't you see that there was enough hatred in Jerusalem to have killed me without you sinning by stirring up more? Poor fellow! And nothing did happen. Perhaps I wasn't the Christ after all. In this place of desolation I even begin to wonder if there *is* any Father.

JUDAS *(with a timid attempt to comfort):* Jesus, I thought that, too. But it will not be so lonely now that we have each other.

JESUS: No. There is a place for love to live again now there are two of us.

There is a moment of silence between them. A low wind moans about the hill.

JESUS: Someone is calling me.

JUDAS: There is no one. It is only the wind.

JESUS: No, there are voices. *(Rising.)* I can hear James, and Peter, and John . . . yes, and Mary, too. They are frightened. They need me.

JUDAS: Come, come. I tell you there is nothing but the wind. It is some fever working its way in you because of your wounds. You are delirious.

JESUS: Judas, can't you hear? I know the voices of my friends. There are others also, strange voices, but they all call me. Poor, frightened sheep! I must come to you.

Jesus takes a step toward the upward slope of the hill.

JUDAS: Jesus, are you mad? There are no voices. Have you *tried* to climb that hill? Do you know what it is like?

JESUS: No. I felt no need to climb before. I was only wandering blindly down away from that hill top of agony.

JUDAS: And you had best stay down. I tried to climb back once. I know.

JESUS: I am not afraid now. Love has called to me and I am strong again.

JUDAS: But I tell you it isn't safe. The storm shrieks about the summit and the wind tears at you. The footing is dangerous. You will be hurled down to the lowest depths.

JESUS: But I must try. The Good Shepherd lays down his life for his sheep.

JUDAS: Oh, but you only dreamed those voices. Always ready to be killed for a dream!

JESUS: Not for a dream, Judas, but for my sheep, left frightened without a shepherd.

JUDAS: Yes, sheep indeed! What one of them had the courage to stand beside you when you were taken? They all deserted you, every one. And now you would risk a second death, for them?

JESUS: Judas, the Son of Man came not to be ministered to, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many. I love them.

JUDAS: Love? You still speak of love? Here in this darkness of desolation? Not even the Father whom you served reaches down to comfort you now. It was all a mistake. Why should you suffer more for love?

JESUS: Judas, do you remember the love you had from your mother?

JUDAS: Yes.

JESUS: Was it good or was it evil?

JUDAS: It was good! It was good!

JESUS: And the love we had for each other, the twelve of you and myself, was it better than this cold waste of nothingness?

JUDAS: Better, Master. Better, as the cool, sweet springs are better than the desert.

JESUS: Then you have not forgotten love. You still believe in its goodness.

JUDAS: But if there be no Father then it all ends in nothingness. Of what use is it? Will you suffer more to serve an eternal void?

JESUS: Judas, love is good for its own sake. And if eternity be but a waste of darkness, then earth is doubly precious. We dare not let the light of love fail there. Judas, will you go back with me?

JUDAS: Jesus, good Master, you are blinded by your dreams. You don't know what you ask. Have you forgotten that you tried to win men's hearts to love before? Have you forgotten the cross?

JESUS *(moaning):* O Judas, I had forgotten the cross. I had forgotten.

JUDAS: We have each other here. It will not be quite so lonely now. And at least it is safe. You could never win your way through those storms about the summit. You would be dashed to the depths I tell you. And beyond is only another cross.

JESUS: But perhaps men would listen this time. Perhaps they would understand. There need not always be a cross.

JUDAS: There would always be a cross for you, Jesus.

JESUS: But Judas, if I were crucified again, and again, and again . . . perhaps some day . . .

JUDAS: Never! Men will never accept you or your way of life. Men understand hate better than love. But here there are those who would understand.

JESUS: Here? You have not told me. What do you mean? Are we not alone?

JUDAS: No, not alone. Before you found me I had descended to a great plain that lies at the foot of this hill. And as I groped about in the half-light I saw a brightness and heard a sound as of a great multitude singing.

JESUS: You heard singing? Here?

JUDAS: Yes, singing. And as I waited the darkness grew bright as the noonday while a company of the blessed ones passed by me.

JESUS: But why did you not join them?

JUDAS: O, good Master, they looked at me. Their eyes! They seemed to pierce into my very heart, and I read in their gaze, "Traitor! Traitor! Traitor!" I fled back up the hill. Rather the darkness and the terror than that!

JESUS: What a price to pay because you tried to help me! Judas, climb back to earth with me. When men see you by my side they will know you are still my friend.

JUDAS: No, not earth! Jesus, the blessed ones, too, will accept me if you are by my side. Then they will not look at me so. Forget earth and its cruelties. The prophets themselves will wecome you here. They will understand. Let us seek them together.

JESUS: No, Judas. The prophets do not need me. If they live in such brightness as you have seen, they rest with God. But men upon earth are as sheep without a shepherd. I must go back and teach them love.

Again the wind moans about the summit. Jesus starts.

JUDAS: Only the wind, Master. Come closer to the shelter of this rock.

JESUS: No, I tell you. There are voices. Mary! James! John! Peter! I hear you. Do not be afraid. I am coming back.

JUDAS *(clutching Jesus firmly by his robe):* No, you shall not go. I will save you in spite of yourself.

JESUS: Judas, I must go. They need me.

JUDAS: No, indeed, you shall not go. You shall not. They will crucify you again. They will always crucify you.

JESUS: Judas, he who finds his life shall lose it, but he who loses his life for love shall find it evermore. Come with me.

JUDAS: No. You are mad.

JESUS: Then I must go alone.

They struggle. Suddenly Jesus tears away from Judas, leaving his cloak in Judas' hands. He bounds up the hill and out of sight. Judas takes one faltering step after him, then stops despairingly.

JUDAS: I cannot. I cannot. Jesus, come back before it is too late.

There is no reply. Loose rock clatters down the slope. The wind rises. There is a rolling of deep thunder.

JUDAS: Jesus, the storm. Come back. Come back.

Now a light begins to shine down over the hill. As it brightens gradually to full flood the shadow of Jesus climbing toward the summit is thrown upon the great rock face at upper right. By that shadow we see him reach the crest of the hill where he stands for a moment facing the light of the resurrection morning. Then he lifts his arms in welcome to the new day. On the rock face the silhouetted figure now assumes the form of the cross. Then it disappears as Jesus walks forward over the brow of the hill.

JUDAS: Now it is too late. O Jesus, I would have saved you. *(He sinks down in despair.)*

The storm which had risen steadily in violence as Jesus climbed died down suddenly as he reached the summit. Now out of the stillness we hear the distant sound of a woman weeping.

THE VOICE OF MARY: O, Sir, are you the keeper of the garden? They have taken away the body of my Lord. Can you tell me where they have laid him?

THE VOICE OF JESUS: Mary! Don't you know me?

THE VOICE OF MARY: Master!

Curtain.

Resurrection

Within a magnificent cathedral a minister led his followers in the adoration of the Christ. The light of day breaking through the tall purple windows, emasculated, became the dim Gothic light. The city's smoke and dust which like crystals scattered the brilliant colors of light could not enter here. Beneath the columns of gray Bedford stone there was darkness.

From the dull silver pipes of the organ solemn chants and hymns seemed to come forth while a choir in gowns of soft gray slowly treaded the stone steps to the loft. The minister in a black robe came to the desk and opened the Bible. Now with one accord the kneeling audience rose to sing its "Holy, Holy, Holy." "King of Kings and Lord of Lords," they praised. Their heavy voices struck against the walls.

On a small rise to one side of the pulpit a great stone was visible. It was part of the ornamental structure but in the dim light it seemed like the slab of a tomb.

"The Lord is in His Holy Temple. Let all the earth keep silence before Him," the minister intoned slowly, deliberately. "What Lord? What Lord?", an echo answered.

The Easter lilies banking the pulpit were like white candles. Their fragrance with that of the green drapings and the bright-colored flowers was like incense. The air was heavy with odors like that of spice and ointment—for the dead.

"He is risen! Hallelujah!" the choir sang. It seemed their robes wrapped around the bodies of the dead.

The minister rose to speak. He talked of the necessity of repentence, of belief in a resurrected Christ, and the promises of immortality. His was a

scheme of salvation. "Ye must die. Ye must be born again. Ye must believe on Christ." He talked quietly. At his voice the great stone by the altar seemed to lift up by some force of its own. Or was it all imagination? When the minister lifted his hands upward he could not see what was happening by the stone. This was the day of Resurrection! The stone was moved away. Before the awed congregation there lay a corpse.

"It is Christ," they said and bowed their heads.

But the grave clothes dropped off and there was no corpse to behold. Indeed, it was the day of the Resurrection. This was no dead Christ. Suddenly he stood before them straightening out the weariness of death. Then leisurely he settled himself to a seat on the edge of the stone. He was a strange looking being. He looked more like one that had been traveling along dusty roads than one who had lain in a tomb two thousand years. He was sun-burned. His eyes were half-closed from warding off the dust of the deserts. His clothes were torn from the brambles he passed through.

The startled audience straightened in their seats. Who was this interrupting their services? The man looked through clear eyes that shamed them. For what? Why should such an embarrassing situation happen in their lovely new church? Who was this man?

"Flesh and blood hath not revealed it to you. Be of good cheer it is I; be not afraid," he said.

"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest. All things whatsoever ye would that men do unto you, even so do ye also unto them. Love ye one another. Love your enemies. Forgive those who sin against you seventy times seven times—and more. Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these my brethren, even these least, ye did it unto me. Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth. Seek ye first his kingdom and his righteousness."

"He speaks strange, unknown words," one of the audience said, "Let the minister go on with his discourse."

The man looked at his feet. Then he removed the sandals and shook the dust from them.

"I entered into thy house. Thou gavest me no water for my feet."

"What is he saying?" another asked.

"God is not the god of the dead, but of the living," the man said putting his sandals back on and rising to leave.

"The historical Jesus is leaving," the minister said indifferently.

Then an angel came down and sat on the stone.

"An angel," the audience cried in one voice, "surely God has heard us. He will give us Christ."

"He is not here; for he is risen, even as he said."

"He is not here! Not here in the cathedral? Then where could He be?"

The angel bowed his head and wisely spoke in the vernacular of His Lord:

"You will find him down on the post-office steps. He's talking to some one there now. He's gone through the shops, the banks, the warehouses and factories two times since he left here. He's out looking for the sick, the lonely, the burdened, the victims of crime and injustice, and the lost. He's gone to heal the sick and bring the sinners back to God."

"Behold," the minister said, "A gluttonous man and a winebibber, a friend of Publicans and sinners."

The angel was gone. The stone fell back into place. In the shadow of their stone pillars, in the deathly stillness of their dead beauty, in the loneliness of the place—loneliness for God, the people continued to adore Christ, this interval with the living Jesus forgotten—or had he ever been there? Was it not a trick of the imagination of some broken soul who had seen him in the hour of need and had prayed him to come where neither the man with the broken soul nor the man Jesus belonged? RAYMOND KRESENSKY.

A Tribute from Wisconsin*

Edith Lloyd Jones

When a gentle presence is combined with great executive ability, you have the executive with whom others like to work. It is a happy thing that no one need try to find special things to say of Edith Jones. She was herself special, and to think of her is to think at once of that which one would like to write of her. Save only that one would like to express more, and to express it far better, than words consent to do.

When I saw her last, a year ago this month, in Minneapolis, I was aware again of an old felicity of hers: that of apparently effortless being. This presence of hers must have grown out of years of right thinking, of control, of accurate choices, of listening. But she seemed to have made her own that for which others grope; she seemed to have become that upon which she had fixed her eyes as a goal.

Those of us who have seen her both at Lincoln Centre and at Tower Hill know how her practicality and wisdom in detail led and guided the affairs over which she presided. She was keen and clever in small things without losing the sense of touch with large things. Every act seemed to be tested by some background of understanding, of view, and her choices and her directions seemed always compact of that power to measure her task by great issues. She had attained immense quiet and the power of quiet. The word "listening" is the name of a great faculty which she exercised, and used as a kind of energy.

Of many instances of the greatness of soul which was hers, none can forget, who knew of it at the time, her hour following the death of her husband. She may have had an awareness that the vital persisting intelligence diffused from him, might be disquieted if it found itself in the presence of grief. Or she may have acted straight from her own impulse, fused with that which she knew would be his way of treating such an hour. In that room at Tower Hill where he lay, she read aloud, at once after his going, a prayer, and passages from a text which he loved. What these words were I do not know. I wish that we all knew.

Among my papers I have a note—a passage from "The Ring and the Book," typed by Susan Miller Quackenbush, who was her associate both at the Centre and at Tower Hill; and below the passage Mrs.

*The Memorial Number for Mrs. Jones was not complete without this tribute—we regret the delay in the mail that caused its omission. —Ed.

Quackenbush had written: "Mrs. Jones wishes you to read this sometime."

This is the passage:

I trust in the great compensating God.
No work begun shall ever pause for death!

Not one flower of all he said and did
Might seem to flit unnoticed, fade unknown
But dropped a seed, has grown a balsam-tree
Whereof the blossoming perfumes the place
In this supreme of moments!

So, let us wait God's instant men call years;
Meantime hold hard by truth and his great soul,
Do out the duty! Through such souls alone
God, stooping, shows sufficient of His light
For us i' the dark to rise by.

This was like her, of her. The lines speak to us as if she herself had spoken.

She made her own a great work which was hers both by nature and by adoption. This was the expression of fellowship with human beings for which Lincoln Centre and Tower Hill stood. It is imperative that this work go on—and it is imperative that her gift to the state of the Tower Hill park shall be cared for and used as she designed. This is a kind of charge laid upon all who knew and loved both Edith and Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

A word which I wrote for him applies to them both now. It is this:

We know a deep difference in the level towards which we look at them. But do they know a difference? May it not be that in some enhancement of being, they wonder only at our difference? It is ours to co-operate with them in one of their immortalities, to prolong and upbuild their work and their word.

ZONA GALE.

The Study Table

The Late Mr. Shaw

Bernard Shaw, if we remember rightly, is seventy-seven years old. His last two plays, "The Apple Cart" and "Too True to Be Good," showed his age. So does this latest book* from his pen. Shaw is still the master stylist. Who can write with such ease, clarity, and force as he? As a sheer piece of writing, every page of this volume is a delight. But its content, apart from its form, is shocking—not because it is new, strange, or heretical, but on the contrary because it is Shaw, of all men in the world, dealing awkwardly and even stupidly with material that is older than most living men. The great dramatist is doddering. He is behind the times.

The story of the Black Girl has to do with an unspoiled barbarian virgin who has been converted to Christianity and goes out, much in the spirit of Bunyan's hero in "The Pilgrim's Progress," to find the God whom she has read about in the Bible. She first encounters the bloody God of Noah, who demands the sweet smell of burning sacrifices. Then she meets the God of Job, who argues pointlessly about questions of good and evil which he refuses to answer. Then she encounters the agnosticism of Kobeleth, who bids her "seek no further," since the wise course is to "take the world as it comes, for beyond it there is nothing." But the Black Girl perseveres, and meets the prophet Micah flaming with the thought of a God who wants nothing of sacrificial rites and ceremonies, but demands only that men "do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly" before him. But "what is the use of walking humbly," asks the Girl, "if you don't know where you are walking to?" Insistent upon finding truth for herself, she next encounters a modern scientist, obviously intended for the Russian, Pavlov, in whom the contemporary world of research is made hilariously ridiculous. But this is a mere interlude, leading to a return to the Bible track which now brings the Girl to the Christ of the New Testament, whose gospel of love is shown to be inadequate, and in due course betrayed by Paul in his doctrine of the atonement which swings men's thoughts back to the idea of blood sacrifice to a cruel God. So the parable moves on, through an episode which acquaints the Girl with Mohammed and his one God, Allah, until at last she comes to a garden where an old man, in the guise of Voltaire, tells her that God may only be found in growing things, in the creative life that ever produces the new from out the old, and that a garden, therefore, is a good place in which to begin the divine search. Here the Girl settles down, meets an Irish gardener, Bernard Shaw no less, marries him and brings forth children. It is the happy end of her quest. Not in the Bible at all, but in Shaw's own "Back to Methuselah," preface and play, the Black Girl has found God.

As though fearful that the parable might not teach its own lesson—and we do not wonder!—Shaw adds an appendix of some fifteen pages to tell what it is all about. Reversing his usual process, he has written an appendix at the end instead of a preface at the beginning. But the purpose is the same! Here our author carefully explains, in words of mystic revelation, that the Bible is not a supernatural book, was not dictated infallibly by God—that, on the contrary, it is a human document, written by many different hands at many different times, disclosing the evolution of the religious ideas and practices of one great people. Obsolete in many respects, he says,

"the Bible remains interesting as a record of how the idea of God, which is the first effort of civilized mankind to account for the existence and origin and purpose of as much of the universe as we are conscious of, develops from a childish idolatry of a thundering, earthquaking—destructively omnipotent Bogey Man—to a braver idealization of a benevolent sage, a just judge, an affectionate father—at which point modern science and philosophy take up the problem with its *Vis Naturae*, its *Élan Vital*, its Life Force, its Evolutionary Appetite, its still more abstract Categorical Imperative, and what not."

Shaw is concerned that, in this great mass of Biblical material, the true shall be separated from the false, the dirty water be thrown out in favor of clean. Bernard Shaw, in other words, in this year of our Lord, 1933, rises up to proclaim to a startled world that he believes in the Higher Criticism of the Bible!

Well, well—glad to meet you, Mr. Shaw! Come right in! This is an old house—been here for more than two hundred years. Men have been born and have died in this house—it's had a long history. But you have never seen it before, Mr. Shaw? Didn't know it was here—or at least that there were people who had been living in it all their lives? Well, well—come right in! It's like a new discovery to you, isn't it? And, of course, you have got to tell everybody about it! Just like a child. Better late than never,

*"The Adventures of the Black Girl in Her Search for God," by Bernard Shaw. Published by Dodd, Mead & Co. $1.50.

Mr. Shaw! Yet really, it *does* seem strange that you had to wait all this time, until you were seventy-seven years old, to find out where we religious liberals have been living all our lives!

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Spinoza, the Philosopher

Only a Jew could write such a story of this immortal Jew, Spinoza! In this volume* there breathes all the struggle, the pathos and the tragedy of the Eternal People. With rare feeling and understanding insight, Mr. Browne tells the story of the polisher of lenses from the time Spinoza's ancestors were harried out of Spain; tracing their settlement in Holland, on down through the expulsion of this sensitive soul from the religious sanctuary of his fathers, his struggles with the deeps within his own soul, until his wracked body at last returned to the bosom of the Great Mother that gave it birth.

Altogether it is an interesting book, coming as it does in this year of the 300th birth anniversary of this "God-intoxicated Jew." Nay, more than an interesting book, it is altogether a most necessary book for this particular period through which we are passing when we are witnessing the collapse of all that is ephemeral and superficial. There he stands high above the confusion of the world and the hurdy gurdy restlessness of our feverish contemporary life, a calm, self-contained soul, who had overcome the world.

Mr. Browne has done a good job in painting the background, physically, politically and culturally of Spinoza. With sympathetic insight he tells the story of a growing revolt in the soul of the youth against the sterility of his fathers' ceremonial religion, and then with keen analytical understanding he presents the specific teachings, or rather the conclusion to which this great soul finally came.

One finds little to criticise in this book, and much to praise. It is written for those who love life in its epic quest for meaning and purpose. And to that extent those who have come to realize that all men, though they be different, are nevertheless united in one common quest—will greatly enjoy coming in contact with Blessed Spinoza!

Mayhap our day with its apotheosis of the intellect may find in Spinoza with his intellectual love of God the way in which it can harmonize reason and religion, and thus save itself from that intellectual sterility which has well-nigh withered the soul of man!

W. WALDEMAR W. ARGOW.

What Does Immortality Mean?

"In the spring a young man's fancy," etc. In the spring, (at least in northern latitudes) comes Easter. Rooted in a far distant antiquity, rises perennially the thought of rejuvenation, of the springing into newness of life. In primitive religions it was believed that the god lay dead in winter, and lived again in the spring.

It is fitting that in the spring of the year the "Issues of Immortality"† should arrest attention. The book under discussion is written by a young man who is a teacher in Philosophy in Columbia. The Preface states that "the object of the book is not to prove or disprove any idea of immortality, but to analyze certain definitions and descriptions of immortality together with some of the supporting arguments. The aim is to trace the implications of these descriptions and arguments; to discover their full and exact logical consequences."

Early in the first chapter, in a discussion of Body and Soul, the author states the difference between Platonism and Aristotelianism. The former is dualistic, the soul has a separate existence from the body; the latter emphasizes the essential unity of the two.

> It is the central theme of this work to analyze ideas of immortality in view of that issue; to unfold the mutual relation between these ideas and that issue; and to trace the ideological consequences of whatever relationship is discovered.

Having stated that the word "soul" is to be taken as synonymous with "personality" it is asked,

> If human personalities are immortal are they so in a Platonic way as pure immaterial souls, or are they so in an Aristotelian way as indissoluble composites of soul and body? . . . These are the fundamental queries which we aim to stress. To answer them, however, is not to determine whether in truth an immortality exists for man; it is simply to develop the *implications* of there being an immortality, to establish the full and exact cost of that concept in the realm of ideas.

The author defines immortality as "the literal survival of the individual human personality or consciousness for an indefinite period after death with its memory and awareness of self-identity essentially intact." The book is a very thorough-going study of the implications which the various theories of immortality must reckon with. In the main they grow out of the fundamental distinction between the Platonic and the Aristotelian doctrines. Frankly admitting his own leaning toward the Aristotelian idea that the human personality is essentially a body-soul union he analyzes the difficulties inherent in any continuance in the after life of a physical body, and on the other hand of the continuance of the disembodied spirit in any form or condition which makes any strong or effective emotional appeal.

Hell goes by the board because it has ceased to be thinkable to modern minds, and yet by the well-known dialectic principle of opposites it is difficult to get any satisfying concept of the good except as it is set over against its opposite bad, or evil.

The argument much used by Modernists that the whole creation spells futility if death ends all because humanity is the highest product of creation involves the metaphysical postulate of a creative process shot through with purpose, a purpose culminating in man. Such a metaphysical postulate seems to be negated by too many evidences in the universe of an opposite sort to carry conviction to many minds.

While the author does not definitely admit that any of the various theories of immortality is accepted by him, it is, I think, a safe inference that in his treatment of what he calls "ideal immortality" he comes pretty close to his own deepest philosophy. Ideal immortality is that which consists of an "eternal" life as distinguished from an everlasting existence. Eternal is a word signifying a quality of life, rather than a durational life. It is a life of the spirit which is deathless, because measured by spiritual criteria.

In bringing out the "implications" of this type of life, Mr. Lamont delves deep into metaphysics, and, as said, gives (probably) his own philosophical position. He says, quoting Professor Woodbridge, "We seem to have faced in the union of soul and body, as in the union of any individual with the continuum to which it belongs, something like ultimate metaphysical

*"Blessed Spinoza," by Lewis Browne. Published by Macmillan. $4.
†"Issues of Immortality," by Corliss Lamont. Henry Holt and Company. $2.00.

fact, something which does not call for explanation, but which is basic to all explanations which can be made." Again the author himself says, "The distinction between soul and body may likewise be declared to be 'ultimate metaphysical fact.'" "The soul remains an irreducible fact." "No matter how many worlds the soul of man is given to conquer, the existence of that soul, either with or without a body, remains ultimately just as much unexplained and unexplainable as the existence of those worlds themselves." Again, and finally, "'A contemplation of things not implicating time in their structure,' (Santayana) demands a realm of non-spatial and non-temporal objective entities, . . . a realm of essence, the realm of mind, the realm of ideas, or the realm of meanings." "Whatever it is named, that realm of being is there as an irreducible metaphysical ultimate." While these statements are made in a discussion of certain types of immortalist theories, they may, I think, fairly be inferred to be the author's own personal conclusion as to certain fundamentals of human thinking. A further inference may be drawn as to his own conviction about immortality.

The idea of the last judgment may well symbolize the undoubted truth that our fellowmen render a last and final estimate of us according to the way we have lived here in this world. Once we have lived we have lived forever.

This is a remarkable book and deserves a wide reading. It is safe to predict that the author has a great future, and also that he and his young colleagues are giving a new and gratifying tone to a philosophy that for a long time has been decidedly wobbly.

It is perhaps ungracious to hope that he will come to eliminate in his style the superfluous "a" in the phrase "kind of (a) world," etc.

JAMES A. FAIRLEY.

Book Notes

The Use of the Self, by F. Matthias Alexander. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

A well attested technique for the conscious reconditioning of the basic organic habits and attitudes that condition our behavior.

The Journal of Arnold Bennett (1896-1910). The Viking Press, New York. $4.00.

This first volume, covering the period from 1896 to 1910, is an autobiographical account of Arnold Bennett's self-conscious mental development in the period of his life when he was interested in people because of their impact on himself to a greater degree than later when he became more objective in his observations. Later periods of his life, as recorded by himself, will be revealed in two additional volumes.

The Excellent Becomes the Permanent, by Jane Addams. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.75.

A series of memorial addresses in which a noble soul reveals her generous attitude toward other noble souls.

Contemporary American Theology. Edited by Vergilius Ferm. Round Table Press, New York. $3.00.

This first volume of a series of contemporary American theological autobiographies, giving great promise for the excellence of the series, shows most of the theologians occupying ground somewhere between Humanism on the one hand and Barthianism on the other.

A Modern Theism, by Minot Simons. The Beacon Press, Inc., Boston. $1.75.

In which the author arrives at theism by reading the moral and spiritual nature of men into Cosmic Reality; and avoids satanism by not following the same process in regard to other human characteristics.

The Philosophy of the Present, by George Herbert Mead. The Open Court Pub. Co., Chicago. $3.00.

"Present" herein refers not to contemporary situations, but to the status of an object when and while it is occurring. The past and future are understood in their function with respect to the present.

Man as Psychology Sees Him, by Edward S. Robinson. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.50.

A well written discussion for the lay-reader of the fundamental attitudes and habits that constitute the underlying elements of personality.

Theoretical Psychology, by Lindworsky-DeSilva. B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis.

An excellent but brief atttempt to show the necessity for theoretical psychology to ally itself with experimental psychology, just as theoretical physics has with experimental physics.

Education and the Social Crisis, by William Heard Kilpatrick. Liveright, New York.

Professor Kilpatrick argues effectively for an educational program, both in the public schools and in adult education, that will make for open-minded group thinking and competent public criticism of society for the common good.

CURTIS W. REESE.

The Field

(*Continued from page* 118)

evolved by men of leisure during slow-moving centuries, and so as to give the maximum of protection to the vested interests built up through the ages, whereas today, with approaching economic collapse all over the world, country after country is throwing over that system in favor of a more direct and speedy method of procedure.

Without question the Parliamentary system is fast losing favor throughout the world, and it is important to note that fact and to inquire into its cause. Revolutionary tendencies are appearing in all directions, while Dictatorships are springing up everywhere.

The facts are startling, as a glance at a map of the world will reveal. The entire North East, including Siberia and Russia, is under Soviet control which still involves a large measure of dictatorship. Yet up till 1914 the objective of the Russian workers was a Parliamentary system of government.

To the south of Russia is China, at present in a state of revolution. Her awakening began in 1911, but was later greatly stimulated by Soviet Russia, whose influence upon China is still considerable. Competent authorities estimate that 100,000,000 Chinese are at present living under a Soviet system of government.

To all intents and purposes Parliamentary government has been superseded in Japan by what can only be described as a military dictatorship. Then, of course, India is under dictatorial rule, which might almost be described as semi-martial law. The entire country is in revolt against British Rule, while tens of thousands of its best and most honored citizens are in gaol.

At the moment the demand is for Parliamentary government, but without doubt the events of the last few years have weakened respect for that system, while in view of the village

composition of India we must not be surprised if eventually that country follows the lead of Russia, China, Turkestan, etc., and adopts some form of Soviet system. Certainly that system is being closely studied by Indians today.

We have already dealt with territory which embraces a population of 1,000,000,000. Compared with that figure the population of Australia and New Zealand is infinitesimal. But while the Parliamentary system still operates in these countries it should not be forgotten that Australia has recently sailed very near the wind of dictatorship.

Because the Prime Minister of New South Wales ventured to defend the standards of the workers as against the demands of the bondholders, the action of the banks, the Governor and the Federal Government secured his deposition. That action will not soon be forgotten, and it may well prove to be the beginning of the end of Parliamentary government in Australia, for that country, like many Western countries, has only just begun its great struggle with the vested interests.

Returning to the East, we next come upon a group of Mohammedan countries—Afghanistan, Turkestan, Persia, Turkey, Arabia, Egypt, all of which have been undergoing profound social, economic, political and constitutional changes since the close of the war.

Wayward and despotic rulers have been deposed, and enlightened dictators accepted by the people, as in Turkey, while the influence of Russia has been considerable throughout these lands.

Turkestan is making great progress under a Soviet system, according to authentic reports. In Egypt, where, largely owing to British influence, Parliamentary government appeared at one time to have some hold, the exercise of dictatorial power and the flouting of the will of the people has done much to undermine belief in the Parliamentary system.

In Africa the race problem is so acute that it is impossible to forecast the political future of any part of that vast continent, and he would be a bold person who ventured to suggest that a Parliamentary system of government based on a non-color, universal franchise was likely to secure the sanction of the white populations even in the dim and distant future.

As regards Western Europe, Parliamentary government does not mean much in the Balkan States these days, nor in Poland and Finland. Italy, of course, is still under a dictatorship, while Spain has not yet completed her revolution.

Germany has a dictatorship, and there seems little chance of escaping a period of dictatorial rule, possibly both of the Right and the Left. Thus, apart from France, Great Britain, Switzerland, Holland and the Scandinavian countries, Parliamentary government has scant hold in Europe.

As to America, most of the Republics of the South are either in the throes of revolution or on the edge of it. Canada still holds firm, but anything can happen in the United States. The U. S. President has more power than either the British King or the British Prime Minister. He can dismiss his Cabinet without necessitating either the fall of the Government or a General Election. If he is big enough, therefore, he may, in a crisis, become a veritable dictator, and in the times that lie ahead we may witness a tendency in that direction.

So that if we include the U. S. A., Great Britain and the British Dominions, France, Switzerland, Holland, and the Scandinavian countries, we get a total of some 250,000,000 people, or about one-seventh of the world's population, who are living under a Parliamentary system of government, although in many of these countries it is none too secure. Even in this country changes are taking place which ought to be noted.

In traveling about the country I find that the General Election of 1931 has had much to do with undermining belief in the Parliamentary system. The organized panic and the planned appeal to fear on that occasion did more damage to British political traditions than anything that has occurred in modern times.

We know something more than we did of the lengths to which the reactionaries are prepared to go in order to maintain their privileges. But as the next election will be more critical still we may expect even worse tactics. If these succeed, as they may owing to the existence of a large floating and thus unthinking vote, it may well be the end of Parliamentary government in this country.

Nor do I think we ought to overlook the possibility of the next election being indefinitely postponed, while should that occur, it would be a form of dictatorship. Should the industrial situation grow worse, unemployment spread, discontent increase, and the by-elections indicate a big swing-over to Labor at the next election, the die-hard section of the present Government might succeed in persuading the Government to declare a State of Emergency, and on the strength of it postpone the election. The imprisonment of Tom Mann is not without significance in this regard.

This article has been written as a warning. I think it is our duty to hold on to the Parliamentary system and to fight for its ascendancy, assuming, of course, its adaptation to present-day demands. At the same time I feel it would be unpardonable not to observe what is taking place in the world, and not to have in our minds alternatives to policies which may suddenly be sprung upon us. In the disturbed times which lie ahead do not let us take too much for granted, but watch as well as work.

Wilfred Wellock.

The New Clarion (England)

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